CARLYLE'S SARTOR RESARTUS. SARTOR RESARTUS.

SARTOR RESARTUS. THE LIFE AND OFINIONS OF HERR TEFFEL SHOCKH. By THOMAS CARLYLE. 8vo. pp. 20s. (Carlylo's Collected Works, 39 vols.) Charles Scribper & Co.

The significance of this splendid rhapsody is more iraly appreciated by the present generation of readers than it was by the transcendental young men and maidens of Boston who some thirty years ago found a new Pentecost in its wondrons suggestions of a nobler life than the barren routine of custom and imitation. At that time, the name of Carlyle had only begun to be regarded with curious interest; now it is one of the mighty powers in English literature. The announcement of "a great thinker let loose upon the world" was uttered almost in whispers; and this grotesque effusion of his genius was read by some as a riddle, and welcomed by others as an apocalypse. Carlyle was introduced to the American public as one whose humor was "to advance the gravest speculations on the gravest topics in a quaint and burlesque style," and an apology was found for the "occasional eccentricities of his genius" in the "wit and sense that never fail him." The learned North American Review, then in the hands of one of the most penderons scholars of the day, after a lumbering discussion of the character of the work, solemnly arrived at the conclusion that "Sartor Resartus" is not what it pretends to be, that Herr Professor Tenfelsdröckh is only a myth, and that the work instead of being a German treatise on the Philosophy of Clothes" is the product of the erratic imagination of the English writer.

Still the publication of "Sartor Resartus" in Bosten, may be said, in some sense, to have formed a new era in the history of mental progress in New-England. It reproduced the experience of a large class of readers, who were more or less addicted to meditation and reverie. Thinkers from whose minds many of the ideas that were held sacred in Church and State, had gradually faded out, found in it a warrant for their own doubts, or perchance, their own convictions. Solitary students on whom the burden of ancient dogmas pressed heavily rejoiced in the pregnant hints which threw a fresh light on the mysteries of faith and destiny. The enemies of Pharisaism, of conceited respectability, of plausible hypocrisy, were made glad by its stern warfare with shining protense and insincerity. Many who were unable to comprehend the depth of its spiritual riches, were allured by the startling fascinations of its style, and the mystic beauty of its imagery. The work was a rude shock to the drowsy literary traditions of the day. It betokened an awakening in the world of literature, which had not then entered upon the development which has since been so conspicuously illustrated in the subsequent writings of Carlyle himself, the magnetic creations of Dickens, the keen, subtle sense and pathetic wisdom of Thackeray, and the profound imaginative pictures of human life by the Brownings.

It may be of interest to some of our readers, who have lost sight of this extraordinary production in the rushing throng of more recent works, to revert for a moment to its character, and to listen to the counsels of friendly wisdom which lark beneath its grim humor, and whimsical masquerade costume. "Sarter Resartus" purports to be a collection of

fragments from the work of a hirsute German professor, on the "Philosophy of Clothes," in which the writer presents bits of his own autobiography, with satirical comments on modern society, manners, and character, forming a strange medley of wit and irony, tender pathos, scornful denunciation, and earnest appeal. The essence of all science, he affirms in his queer way, lies in the "Philosophy of Clothes." All visible things are emblems. Matter exists only spiritually, and to body forth some idea. Honce Clothes, despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. From the king's mantle downwards, they are emblematic of a manifold cunning victory over want. On the other hand, all emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven, and the "Philosophy of Clothes can we ever reach its real meaning, promises to reveal new-coming eras, the first dim radiments and already-budding germs of a nobler era in universal history."

Professor Teufelsdröckh (Asafetida) is first brought upon the scene as a man of still and self-contained life, devoted to the highest philosophies, but a strennous opponent of Hegel and Bardili, betraying a certain speculative radicalism beneath his high, silent contemplative transcendentalism. He muses over his tumbler of bitter beer, with no visible employment but looking into the clouds of his tobacco-pipe, and sometimes from his airy watch tower in the high attic, gazes upon the streets and lanes of the

high attic, gazes upon the streets and lanes of the city at his fect.

"Hook down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive," have we heard him say, "and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down to the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all; for, except the Schlosskirche weathercock, no bjed stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged-up in pouches of leather: there, topiaden, and with four swift horses, rolls-in the country Buron and his household; here, on timber-leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alons: a thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling-in with Pood, with young Rusticity, and other Haw Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbing out again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is couning, whither it is going? Aus der Euigkeit, su der Euigkeit hin: From Eternity, onward to Eternity! These are appartitions: what else! Are they not Souls rendered visible: in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into art? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense: they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest theu, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels and feather in its crown, is but of To-Day, with out a Yesterday or a To-Morrow; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Henget and Horsa overran thy

the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on lis heels and feather in its crown, is but of To-Day, without a Yesterday or a To-Morrow; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Henget and Horsa overran thy Island! Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being; watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more."

"Ach, mein Lieber!" said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather carnest alk, "It is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smeke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathems into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs ever the Zenith in their leash of sidereal dire! That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the charled-wheels of Yanity, still colling here and there through distant streats, are bearing her to Halls reofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only vice and Misery, to provi or to mean like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the steriorous, unquet alumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coveriet of vapors, and putterfactions, and unimazinable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies stimmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are raying; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grapdes still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask ourtains; Wretchedness cowers into trackle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw; in obscure cellars, Rouge-cl-Noir languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Viliains; while Councilors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the ceach is ready; and she, ful

In expounding the moral, political, and even religious influences of Clothes, Herr Teufelsdröckh urges that man's earthly interests "are all hooked and buttoned together, and held up by Clothes." Society sails through the Infinitude on Cloth, as on a Faust's mantle, or rather like the sheet of clean and unclean beasts in the Apostle's dream, and without such sheet or mantle, would sink to endless depths, or mount to inane limboes, and in either case be no more." The following effusion may serve as an exordium to his contemplations on hu-

man destiny. man destiny.

"With men of a speculative turn," writes Teufelsfröckh, "there come seasons, meditative, sweet, yet
swful hours, when in wonder and fear you ask yourself
that unanswersble question: Who am I; the thing that
can say 'I' (das Wesen das sich let mennt)! The world,
with its loud trafficking, retires into the distance; and,
carough the paper-hangings, and stone-walls, and thick-

plied tissues of Commerce and Polity, and all the living and lifeless integuments (of Society and a Body), where-with your Existence sits surrounded,—the sight reaches forth into the void Deep, and you are alone with the Universe, and silently commune with it, as one mysterious Presence with mother.

"Who am I; what is this Me? A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance:—some embodied, visualized idea in the

one Presence with another.

"Whe am I; what is this Me! A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance;—some embodied, visualized idea in the Eternal Mind! Cogito, ergo sum. Alas, poor Cogitator, this takes us but a little way. Sure enough, I am; and lately was not: but Whence! How! Whereto! The answer lies around, written in all colors and motions, utered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature: but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Anocalypse will yield articulate meaning! We sit as in a boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto; boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof; sounds and many-colored visions filt round our sense; but Him, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and breamer are, we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most a wake! Which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown! What are all your national Wars, with their Moscow Retreats, and sangulnary hate-filled Revolutions, but the Somnambulism of uneasy Sieepers! This Dreaming, this Somnambulism is what we on Earth call Life; wherein the most indeed undoubtedly wander, as if they knew right hand from left; yet they only are wise who know that they know nothing.

"Pity that all Metaphysics had hitherto proved so inexpressibly unproductive! The secret of Man's Being is still like the Splinx's secret: a riddie that he cannot

wise who know that they know nothing.

"Pity that all Metaphysics had hitherto proved so inexpressibly unproductive! The secret of Man's Being is still like the Spilinx's secret: a riddle that he cannot rede; and for ignorance of which he suffers death, the worst death, a spiritual. What are your Axioms, and Categories, and Systems, and Aphorisms! Words, words. High Air-castles are cumningly built of Words, the Words well bedded also in good Logic-mortar; wherein, however, no Knowledge will come to lodge. The whole is greater than the part: how exceedingly false and calumnious! Again, Nothing can act but where it is; with all my heart; only, whene is it? Be not the slave of Words: is not the distant, the Dead, while I love it, and long for it, and mourn for it. Here, in the genuine sense, as truly as the floor! I stand on! But that same Where, with its brother When, are from the first the master-colors of our Dream-grotte; say rather, the Canvas (the warp and woof thereof) whereon all our Dreams and Life-visions are painted. Nevertheless, has not a deeper meditation taught certain of every climate and deeper meditation taught certain of every climate and deeper meditation thoughts, are but superficial terrestrial adhesions to thought; that the Seer may discern them where they mount up out of the celestial Everywhere and Forever have not all nations conceived their God as Omnipresent and Eiernal; as existing in a universal Here, an everlasting Now't Think well, thou too wilt find that Space is but a mode of our human Sense, so likewise Time; there is no Space and no Time: We are—we know not what;—light-space lies floating in the active of Deetry!

"So that this so solid-seeming World, after all, were but an air-image, our Me the only reality; and Nature, with its thougandfold production and destruction, but the refex of our own inward Force, the 'plantasy of our Dream;' or what the Earth-Spirit in Faust names it, the living visible Garment of God:

"In Being's floats, in Active's storm, is all work and work abov

Birth and Death, An infinite occan;

A sering and giving
The fire of Living:
"The fire of Living:
"The three resemble of the Garment theo sees! Hen by."
Of twenty millions that have read and spouted this thunder-speech of the Erdgeist, are there yet twenty units of us that have learned the meaning three of?"
The describes of the Living mind with doubt is The struggle of the human mind with doubt is

typified by the experience of Teufelsdröckh who niter desperate wrestlings with the grim enemy emerges into the light of "The Everlasting Yea," the sunny table-land of serene convictions and a noble life-purpose.

"Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-spiendors, of that Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zembia; ah, like the mother's voice to her little child that strays be wildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too-exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnol-house with spectors; but godlike, and my Father's!

"With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man: with an infinite Love, an infinite Fity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, are thou not so weary, so heavy-laden; and tay Eed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I skelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes!

—Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which, in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one; like liarticulate cries, and solbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaves are prayors. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy mother, not my cruel Stepdame; Man, with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavors, had his sins, I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that 'Sanctuary of Sorrow;' by strange, steep ways had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the 'Divine Depth of Sorrow' lie disclosed to me."

Herr Toufelsdröckh's speculations on the condition

Herr Toufelsdröckh's speculations on the condition of the Church and the prospects of fashionable religion have something audacious in their freedom. and might well have produced a sense of astonishment, almost of panic, among men "whose eyes were in their hind-head," but who perhaps have gained thicker skins in these days of the "Essays and Reviews," Bishop Colenso, and M. Renan.

thicker skins in these days of the "Essays and Reviews," Bishop Colenso, and M. Renan.

"By Church-Clothes, it need not be premised that I mean infinitely more than Cassocks and Surplices; and do not at all mean the mere haberdasher Sunday Clothes that men go to Church in. Far from it! Church-Clothes are, in our vocabulary, the Forms, the Vediares, under which men have at various periods embedied and represented for themselves the Religious Principle; that is to say, invested the Divine Idea of the World with a sensible and practically active Bedy, so that it might dwell among them as a living and life giving Word.

"These are unspeakably the most important of all the vestures and garnitures of Human Existence. They are first spun and woven, I may say, by that wonder of wonders, Society; for it is still only when 'two or three are gathered together,' that Religion, spritually existent, and indeed indestructible, however latent, in each, first outwardly manifests itself (as with 'cloven tongues of fire'), and seeks to be embodied it a visible Communion and Church Militant. Mystical, more than magical, is that Countnuning of Soul with Soul, both looking heavenward; here properly Soul first speaks with Soul; for only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, not in looking earthward, does what we call Union, mutual Love, Society, begin to be possible. How true is that of Novalls: 'It is certain, my Belief gains quite fafishiely the moment I can convince another mind thereof!' Gaze thou in the face of thy Brother, in those eyes where plays the lambent fire of Kindness, or in those where rages the lurid conflagration of Anger; feel how thy own so quiet Soul is straightway involuntarily kindled with the like, and ye biaze and reverberate on each other, till it is all one limitless confluent flame (of embedient) flame (of embedient) and there is a convene another mind thereof?' Gaze thou in the face of the Divine Life we speak, and inmost ME is, as it were, brought into contact with inmost ME!

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'Thus was it that I said, the Church-Clothes are first

with imment Mr. is and the Church-Clothes are first gain and worken by Society; outward Religion originates by Society, Society becomes possible by Religion. Nay such set final property and wholly a Church, and warlors and surface and prophesy in the figured as properly and wholly a Church, in one or other of these three predeaments an analiby preaching and prophesying Church, which is the beside second, a Church that struggles to preach and prophesy in the second, a Church that struggles to preach and prophesy in the second, a Church that struggles to preach and prophesy in the second, a Church that struggles to preach and prophesy in the second, a Church that struggles to preach and prophesy in the second, a Church that struggles to preach and prophesy in the second, a Church that struggles to preach and prophesy in the second, a Church that struggles to preach and prophesy in the second, a Church that struggles to preach and prophesy in the second, a Church that struggles to preach and prophesy in the second and prophesy in the second and prophesy in the second and the second that the second and prophesy in the second and prophesy in the second and the se

Church-Clothes have gone sorrowfully out at-elbows:
nsy, far worse, many of them have become mere hollow
Shapes, or Masks, under which no living Figure or Spirit
any longer dwells; but only spiders and unclean beetles,
in horrid accumulation, drive their trade; and the mask
still glares on you with its glass-eyes, in ghastly affectation of life-some generation-and-half after Religion has
quite withdrawn from it, and in unnoticed nooks is weaving for herself new Vestures, wherewith to reappear, and
bless us, or our some or grandsons. As a Priest, or laterpreter of the Holy, is the noblest and highest of all men.
so is a Sham-priest (Scheinpriester) the falsest and basest;
neither is it doubtful that his Canonicals, were they
Popes' Tharas, will one day be torn from him, to make
bandages for the wounds of mankind; or even to burn
into tinder, for general scientific or outlinary purposes."

Nor is the Professor less strongly tinetured with

Nor is the Professor less strongly tinetured with the spirit of political and social Radicalism; a practical sans-culottist, though naturally the politest of men; recognizing the principles of human equality in the divinely organized human constitution; willing that "old sick human society should be burned (though with quite other fuel than spice-wood); in the faith that she is a Phonix, and that a new heaven-born young one will rise out of her ashes." How far Mr. Carlyle, in these latter days, has departed from the philosophy of his early master, will be painfully evident by comparing such passages as the following, with his recent dogmatic apologies for slavery and despotism.

slavery and despotism.

"Shall Courtesy be done only to the rich, and only by the rich! In Good-breeding, which differs, if at all, from High-breeding, only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others, rather than gracefully insists on its own rights. I discern no special connection with wealth or birth: but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men toward all men. Of a truth, were your-Schoolmaster at his post, and worth anything when there, this, with so much clse, would be reformed. Nay, each man were then also his neighbor's schoolmaster; till at length a rude-visaged, unmannered Peasant could no more be met with, than a Pensant unacquainted with botanical Physiology, or who felt not that the clod he broke was created in Heaven.

"For whether thou bear a scepter or a sledge-hammer, art not thou ALIVE; is not this thy brother ALIVE! There is but one temple in the world," says Novalis, and that temple is the Body of Man. Nothing is holler than this high Form. Bending before men is a reverence done to

is but one temple in the world, says Novalis, and that temple is the Body of Man. Nothing is helier than this high Form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven, when we lay our hands on a human Body.

"On which ground I would fain earry it father than most do; and whereas the English Johnson only bowed to every Ciergyman, or man with a shovel-hat, I would bow to every Ciergyman, or man with a shovel-hat, I would bow to every Man with any sort of hat, or with no hat whatever. Is not he a Temple, then; the visible Manifestation and Impersonation of the Divinity! And yet, alas, such indiscriminate bowing serves not. For there is a Devil dwells in man, as well as a Divinity; and too often the bow is but pocketed by the former. It would go to the pocket of Vanity (which is your clearest phasis of the Devil, in those times); therefore must we withhold it.

"The gladder am I, on the other hand, to do reverence, to those Shells and outer Hasks of the Body, wherein no devilish passion any longer lodges, but only the pure emblem and edligies of Man: I mean, to Empty, or even to Cast Clothes. Nay, is it not to Clothes that most men do reverence: to the fine frogged broadcloth, nowise to the straddling animal with bandy legs' which it holds, and makes a Dignitary of 1 Who ever saw any Lord my-lorded in tattered blanket fastened with wooden skewer? Nevertheless, I say, there is in such worship a shade of hypocrisy, a practical deception: for how often does the Body appropriate what was meant for the Cloth only! Whoso would avoid falseheod, which is the essence of all Sin, will perhaps see good to take a different course. That reverence which cannot act without obstruction and perversion when the Clothes are full, may have free course when they are curpty. Even as, for Hindoo Worshipers, the Pagoda is not less saced than the God; so do I too

reverence which cannot act windon costruction and parversion when the Clothes are full, may have free course
when they are empty. Even as, for Hindoo Worshipers,
the Pageda is not less sacred than the God; so do I too
worship the hollow cloth Garmont with equal fervor, as
when it contained the Man; may, with more, for I now
fear no deception, of myself or of others.

"Did not King Toomtabard, or, in other words, John
Ballel, reign long over Sotland; the man John Ballel being quite gone, and only the 'Toom Tabard' (Empty
Gown) remaining! What still dignity dwells in a suit of
Cast Clothes! How meekly it bears its honors! No
hanghty looks, no scornful gesture; silent and serene, it
fromts the world; neither demanding worship, nor afraid
to miss it. The Hat still carries the physiognomy of its
Head; but the vanity and the stupidity, and goose-speech
which was the sign of these two, are gone. The Coat-arm
is stretched out, but not to strike; the Breeches, it modest simplicity, depend at ease, and now at last have a
graceful flow; the Waisteoat hides no evil passion, no
riotous desire; hunger or thirst now dwells not in it.
Thus all is purged from the grossness of sense, from the
Carking cares and foul vices of the World; and rides
there, on its Clothes-horse; as, on a Pegasus, might some

the sunny table-land of serene convictions and a noble life-purpose.

"Peaulint it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, the manufacture of the Monatains; over me, as root, the naure Dome, and stroud me, for walls, four naurely made, on whose bottom fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles that stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows; with their green flower-lawns, and while dames and dames, lavely enoughed many a Mother baking the testing foliated in the valley-folds; yet there and allive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, to me they there are speed, with her estephically with metal tongue; and, in almost an weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated Smoke-clouds; where of the world, in the world, in the world, foliated and proceedings of the strong of the s ment which Poverty and vice bring against lary wealth, that it has left them there cast-out and trodden under foot of Want, Darkness and the Devil—then is Monmouth Street a Mirza's Hill, where, in noticy vision, the whole Pageant of Existence passes awfully before us; with its wail and jubilee, mad loves and mad hatreds, churchbells and gallows-ropes, farce-tragedy, beast-godhood,—the Bedlain of Creation!"

The awe and wonder awakened by the conscious ness of existence and the spectacle of the universe, which according to many of the wisest teachers, enter so lar 'ly into the essence of religion, are illustrated in the following passage of thoughtful and sublime eloquence, such as is rarely heard from English lips at the present day.

"Sweep away the Illuston of Time; glames, if thou have

at the present day.

"Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far distant Mover; The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of clastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last bail only had been struck, and sent Hying! O, could I (with the Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Berjinnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unscaled, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of celestial wonder! Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every laving Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hidea Him from the foolish.

"Again, could snything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost! The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock-lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffius. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind's eye as well as with the body's, look round him into that fall tide of human Life he so loved; did he neverso much as look into Himself! The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; well-nigh a million of Ghosts were traveling the streets by his side. Once more! say, sweep away the illusion of Time; compress the threescore years into three minutes: what elso was he, what elso are we! Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air and invisibili

remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must! Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Specter-hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away!—Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand-million walking the Earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, fore thy watch tieks once.

"O Heaven, it is mysterlous, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion! They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his opes; force dwells in his arm and heart; but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance; fool; the Earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse slik beyond plummet's sounding. Flummet's! Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

"So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission appears. What Force and Fire is in each he expends; one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine hights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow:—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Bense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious Mankino thunder and fannt, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, throug

Infinite, and inspiring them with courage and hope in their struggle for spiritual existence. His later connsels must be regarded more in sorrow than in anger, if indeed they be not the fruit of some singular illusion, by those who owe him a large debt of gratitude for his mastery over their minds, and his prophet-like rebukes of the self-seeking and social corruption of the age. His influence is ingrained in their characters, though they have ceased to listen to his oracles with docility. Although asserting a strange want of sympathy in our recent contest at arms for the claims of justice and honor, his abhorrence of pretense and his passion for sincerity had awakened a kindred spirit in many of the noble hearts whose blood has moistened the battle-fields of freedom. It is not too much to say that wide portions of American society have derived an inspiring impulse in their spiritual life from the teachings of Carlyle, although the pupils may have outstripped the master in the career of progress. They will gladly revert to the quickening pages of this work, not as to "some mad banquet, wherein all courses had ! been confounded, and fish and flesh, soup and solid, oyster-sauce, lettuces, Rhine wine, and French mustard, were hurled into one huge tureen or trough, and the hungry public invited to help itself," but as to a repast fit for immortals, of which the whimsical order of the viands cannot conceal their aromatic flavor and refreshing succulence.

MRS. BLACKWELL'S STUDIES IN GENERAL SCIENCE.

STUDIES IN GENERAL SCIENCE. By ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL. 12mo. pp. 356. G. P. Putnam & Son.

The range of studies of which the fruits are embodied in this volume comprises a wide field of thought and research in the domain of physical as well as of philosophical science. Attractive by the purity and neatness of their style, they present a rich fund of interesting suggestions to the reflective reader, piquing the curiosity by their novel arrangement and illustration of familiar themes, and opening a valuable practical vein by their application of scientific truths, even if they cannot claim to have established any new principles of great moment, or to have rendered essential aid to the progress of modern discovery. The writer evinces admirable gifts both as a student and a thinker. She brings a sincere and earnest mind to the investigation of truth, Free from the prejudices of sect or system, she has faithfully striven to come in contact with reality. Her studies have evidently not been a pastime, but the result of a serious purpose and resolute labor. She has not been content with gliding over the surface of things, but always endeavors to penetrate their interior essence. With admirable diligence, she has kept herself on a level with the advance of inquiry, with no merbid passion for novelty, and a wise appreciation of the achievements of the past. She is conversant with the latest speculations and theories, showing great mental alertness in seizing their import, and interweaving their conclusions with her previous acquisitions. As a thinker, she is bold and strenuous, never afraid of a new idea, nor shrinking from its logical consequences; original in her methods, and accepting no tradition on trust, though not without a modest reverence for the precious material in the accumulations of past ages. The ground-work of the philosophy which pervades the volume may be understood from a brief paragraph in the first essay.

ophy which pervades the volume may be understood from a brief paragraph in the first essay.

Our cognizance of Being is therefore cognizance of substances possessing mutually adjusted and adapted properties; so that all our knowledge of it turns upon a knowledge of its rational constitution. The very existence of differentiated substances is directly dependent upon a mutual ataptation of all modes and processes—the whole existing cosmos hangs upon it, and would fall into aparchy if one single modification of any property were destroyed. Though we know that absolute Being cannot be dependent upon the present constitution of the universe, but that this constitution must be dependent upon the absolute Being for its actualization in the present creation; yet this rational constitution is to our cognizance its only life, beauty, and value. Thought has been applied to things, and each atom, whether matter or mind, is allied to lis own immutable properties, with ther wide diversity of coordinated modes and processes, which are forever turning and overturning, but always developing more fully the precisabilished order of things, moving molecules, moving worlds; quickening minds, developing macre fully the precisabilished order of things, animating, emobiling, developing; till the result is before in—the physical and mental universe, one and harmonions. Force, the mover, the evolutionist, the one energy made effective through many correlated modes, is not only the persisting property of each unsentient atom, but of each sentient mind; and the entire coordinated plan continues in unresting operation. With our finite minds, we may not expect to perceive at once the whole scope of this all-comprehensive hypothesis.

In her explanation of the constitution of matter, to the discussion of which a very elaborate chapter is

the discussion of which a very elaborate chapter is devoted, Mrs. Blackwell makes use of one of the most recent theories which resolves its different propertie into a unitary collection of forces.

recent theories which resolves its different properties into a unitary collection of forces.

The science of forces has received an immense stimulus of late from the important discoveries of eminent meny verifying intuitions and hypotheses of equally eminent predecessors. In the language of Professor Younans: "a pure principle (gravitation) froms the immaterial foundation of the universe," while heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and chemical allimity, are, "an order of purely immaterial forces." There are efficient properties in matter which produce motion, and which are adapted, obviously, to the direct end of producing motion. Force may be defined as anything, which, the right conditions being supplied, is capable of producing motion or change of motion. No motion is ever destroyed, but like force itself, motion is indestructible. It is communicated from atom to atom; but the whole coördinated consiltation of each atom, and its inherent amount of force, is not communicated. On the contrary, the atoms upon which any mode of force acts, producing a corresponding mode of motion in them, in their turn react again; and as all action and reaction are constituted equal and opposite, the reaction is a counter impulse exactly equal to that which was communicated to itself. Force, as \_property, it is maintained in those "Studies," is not communicated; but simply exchanges one of its coordinated processes for another, so that the amount of force remains always exactly the same in every atom, and it always retains all its own special constitutional adjustments of forces and capacities. Nothing seems to me more-orderithan that force, considered as a property, is inconvertible and untransferable, remaining always with its own proper substance; but processes or modes of motion, correlated to like processes in other atoms, have power to excite these, transforming, for the time being, other modes of metion into this which it excites. Substances do not exchange forces, but they exchange modes of process. All modes of quanti

The attributes of mind, on the other hand, are related as sentient experiences, which in quality and worth are far above all unsentient modifications.

An unsentient constitution is intrinsically an impersonal constitution. Each material atom may be individual and indivisible; but it has no basis for personality. A mass of matter can even have no proper individuality. One body mergés in another, often with the most ludicrous avidity. The grante bowlder dissolves into earth, earth organizes itself into flesh; then all flesh becomes grass; and the round of incessant change begins anew. A sentient constitution, on the contrary, necessitates a personality—necessitates a true and proper unit—the indivisible subject of all sontient properties. To enjoy or suffer implies that the semewhat enjoying or suffering should be alive; and the simplicity of its living nature is the vital pivot of its sentient characteristics. Two minds cannot combine to produce one and the same sentient act. If both should have identical thoughts or sensations at the same time, there would still be two distinct trains of experience; for every sentient act must be felt and appreciated by one actor as its own. When two minds perceive the same thing at the same time, there are still two distinct acts of perception. There may be myriads of minds, myriads of beings each endowed with a living constitution; but each must be in itself an indivisible person. Living force, because it does live, it inseparable from the personal mind constituted by it. Living capacity is the capicity of a live being. There can be no transfer of life as there can be no transfer of living experience. There is no quantitative basis on which to effect an exchange of qualities; since all quality must pertain wholly to the mind experiencing it; therefore quality of experience is not amenable to the law of quantities.

With regard to the "Theory of Development." An unsentient constitution is intrinsically an imper

observation has extended, and so far as all rational inference reaches. He does everything by gradual, rigidly mathematical process—in organic phenomena influenced and directed, but not superseded or in the slightest degree set aside, by the added element of an endlessly varied sentience of living consciousness, taking part in some of the processes in question. This progressive mode of working, is so inherent a part of the whole scheme of things, that it becomes highly improbable that there is, or ever has been, the slightest exception anywhere. To suppose such an exception, seems to me like supposing that the whole grand order of things has been partially subverted. Unless some adequate reason can be given for this, one cannot choose to suppose snything of the kind i for looked at in this light, it becomes too absurd and even monistrous a theory to be for a moment entertained.

and eyen monstrous a theory to be for a moment entertained.

We find that everything existing has now, and has had
from the first, so far as we can know it, a definite and
unchangeable constitution of its own. When we see a
new compound we de not suppose a new ereation; but a
new change in some of this old elements; and when we
see a new living being, even if it were a whelly new type
of living beings, how could we any more infer a new
creation, or oven any really abnormal process of development! Every new organism grows essentially like every
other, and every sentient being animating this organism
manifests a nature of its own as radically unchangeable as
is that of any inorganic substance. No circumstances, no
development has ever been known to greatly change any
sentient being, or any manifestation of sentient modes, so
as to make it generically unlike that of its own type. The
mere fact that mind was not always sentient, or at least
that it does not remember always to have been sentient,
and therefore, that this sentience or the memory of sentience in ourselves must have begun to be, proves nothing;
for it is admitted that these sentient modes are dependent upon conditions partly outside of themselves; and
that consciousness could no more exist in an atom, if it
were isolated from all other substances, than water could
exist if all the hydrogen, cut of which water is in part
made, were caused to exist in an uncombined state. The
conscious state is emineutly a state of process, and all
mental process, in this stage of being at least, and probably in all other stages of existence, is dependent upon
the cooperation of matter, in order to its own proper activity—as every material atom is dependent also on other
atoms. Every atom, whether mind or matter, has its
own unchanging possible modes of action, but it is dependent on social influences for the opportunity of exercising these modes, and this being a universal law, it is
just as necessary that a mind should wait an opportunity
for exercising

The mental independence of the author is strikingly evinced in the boldness, unless it be a species of intellectual naïveté, with which she takes to task such thinkers as Aristotle, Reid, Sir William Hamilton, Cousin, and Herbert Spencer, for maintaining that matter is incognizable in itself, and that we can form no idea of its substance. She asserts the reverse of these propositions, maintaining that we perceive not only the phenomena or qualities of bodies, but their actual substance, immediately and literally, and summoning the very respectable authority of President McCosh in support of her thesis. But on this point she will hardly gain the assent of the metaphysicians. They are too strongly wedded to the belief that in the perception of matter we are cognizant only of our own sensations (for which they certainly adduce, to say the least, plausible considerations) to renounce the doctrine without a contest. Other conclusions of Mrs. Blackwell's reasonings are also open to controversy on the part both of philosophers and physicists, but her antagonists will need for the discussion not only the courtesy due to a woman, but the strength of argument suited to the claims of a resolute and earnest thinker.

WESTERN WINDOWS AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN JAMES PIATT. 12mo. pp. 231. Hurd & Houghton. The author of this little volume has already won a highly honorable distinction among the younger American poets. Without pretending to the loftiest gifts of imagination, his verses are marked by a light and graceful fancy which loves to gather materials for expression among quiet scenes of natural beauty. and from manifestations of human passion in the every-day routine of life. His descriptions of external nature are drawn from personal experience, and reproduce with a faithful pencil many of the grand and beautiful features of his favorite scenery in the West. They are unmistakably inspired by genuine love, by sympathy with the human associations that cluster around the spot which he celebrates, and in many instances are softened and almost glorified by an expression of sweet and tender pathos. The following scene presents an example of Mr. Piatt's faithful adherence to reality, without falling into

PIATT'S POEMS.

the dry and pedantic ways of a poetical mannerist. How bright this weird autumnal eve—
While the wild twilight elings around,
Clothing the grasses overy-where,
With scarce a dream of sound!

The high horizon's northern line, With many a silent-leaping spire. Seems a dark shore—a sea of flame-Quick, crawling waves of fire!

I stand in dusky solitude, October breathing low and chill, And watch the far-off blaze that leaps At the wind's wayward will. These houndless fields, behold, once more,

Sea-like in vanish'd Summers stir; From vanish'd Autumns comes the Fire— A lone, bright harvester! I see wide terror lit before— Wild steeds, ferce herds of bison here, And, blown before the flying flame, The flying-footed deer!

Long trains (with shaken bells, that moved Along red twilights sinking slow) Whose wheels grow weary on their way, Far westward, long ago;

Lone wagons bivouack'd in the blaze, That, long age, streamed wildly past; Faces from that bright solitude In the hot gleam aghast!

A glare of faces like a dream, No bistory after or before, Inside the horizon with the flames, The flames—nobody more!

That vision vanishes in me, Sudden and swift and flerce and bright; Another gentler vision fill The solitude, to-night:

The horizon lightens every-where, The sunshine rocks on windy maize; Hark, every-where are busy men, And chidren at their plays! Far church-spires twinkle at the sun,

No longer driven by wind, the Fire Makes all the vast horizon glow.
But, numberless as the stars above,
The windows shine below! Many of the poems in this volume betray a more

subtle vein of reflection; and both in form and senti ment, indicate a hand that derives its cunning from an inward impulse, with no touch of the mechanical imitation that grows out of the idolatry of favorite models. We quote an example in point, which has the ring of a true inspiration, and not the echo of a foreign voice.

Along the sultry city street, Faint subtile broaths of fragrance meet (In April warmth, while yet the sun For Spring no constant place has won) By many a vacant square.

Whoever reads these lines has felt That breath whose long lost perfumes me The spirit—newly found While the sweet, banished families Of earth's forgetten sympathes Rise from the sweating ground.

It is the subtile breath of grass; And as I pause, or lingering pass,
With half-shut eyes, behold t
Bright from old baptisms of dew
Fresh meadows burst upon my view,
And new becomes the old!

Old longings (Piensure kissing Pain), Old visions visit me again—
Life's quiet deeps are stirr'd;
The fountain-heads of memory flow
Through channels dry so long ago,
With music long unheard.

I think of pastures, evermore Greener than any hour before, Where eattle wander slow Large-uddered in the sun, or chew The cud content in shadows new, Or, shadows, homeward low.

I dream of prairies dear to me:
Afar in town I seem to see
Their widening miles arise,
Where, like the butterfly anear,
Far off in sunny mist the deer,
That seems no larger, flies.

Thy rural lanes, Ohio, come
Back to me, grateful with the hum
Of every thing that stirs:
Dear places, sadden'd by the years,
Lost to my sight send suddon tears,
Their secret messengers. I think of paths a-swarm with wings
Of bird and bee—all lovely things
From sun or sunny clod;
Of play-grounds where the children play,
And feel the warming sod.

New grass: it grows by cottage doors, In orchards Lush'd with bloom, by shores Of streams that flow as green, On hill-slopes white with tents or sheep, And where the sacred mosses keep The hely dead unseen,

It grows o'er distant graves I know— Sweet grass! above them greener grow, And gaard them tenderly! My brother's, not three summers green; My sister's—now-made, only seen Through far-off tears by mo!

It grows on battle-fields—alas:
Old battle-fields are lost in grass;
New battles wait the new:
Hark, it it the living warmth I hear!
The cannon far or bee ancar!
The bee and cannon too!

Washington, April, 1863. The spirit of a quaint monastic tradition is conf bodied in the following stanzas entitled

THE BURIED ORGAN. The BURIED ORGAN.

Far in a valley green and lone,
Lying within some legend old.

Sometimes is heard an Organ's tone,
Trembling, into the silence roll'd:
In vanish'd years (the legend stands)
To save it from the unhallowing prey
Of forman's sacrilegious hands.
The monks their Organ bore away.

None knows the spot wherein they laid
That body of the heavenly soul
Of Music: deep in forest shade,
Forgotten, lies the grave they stole;
But oftentimes, in Morning gold,
Or through the Twilght's hushing air,
Within that valley, green and old,
The Organ's soul arises there.

Ob, low and sweet, and strange and wild.

It whispers to the holier air,
Gentle as lispings of a child—
Mild as a mother's breathless prayer
While silence frembles, sweet and faw:
Then rapture bursts into the sites,
And chanting angels, winging slow
On wings of music, seem to rise!

The herdsman cometimes, all alone,
Is lost within that haunted air:
He hears the buried Organ's tone—
His hands are cross'd, this breath is prayer!
And, while into his heart it steals,
With hushing footsteps, downcast eyes,
Some grand cathedral's awe he feels—
A church of air, and earth, and skies!

Often, when the sweet wand of Spring Has fill'd the woods with flowers unsown.
Or Autumn's dreamy breeze's wing
Flutters through failing leaves, alone
I wander forth, and leave behind
The city's dust, the sulfry glare:
A lonely dell, far-off, I find—
I know the Buried Organ there!

Within the city's noisy air
I leave the creeds their Sabbath bells;
I cross my hands, my breath is prayer,
Hearing that Organ's mystic swells.
The sweet birds sing, the soft winds blow,
The flowers have whispers low, apart:
All wake within me, loud or low,
Ged's buried Organ—in my heart!

The tone of the volume, in general, is manly and healthful, perhaps too uniformly in earnest for the taste of readers who crave the excitement of humorous representations, but never ministering to the suggestions of effeminate indulgence or morbid passion.

We have also received Queer Discourses on Queer Proverbs, by OLD MERRY (Claxton, Remsen, & Hatelfinger); Leander, or Secrets of the Priesthood, by ERNEST TRUMAN (The Same); Typhaine's Abbey, by Count A. DE GABENIAU, translated from the French, by CHAS. D. MEIGS (The Same); The Little Peat Outlers, by EMMA MARSHALL (Robert Carter & Brothers); Little Jack's Four Lessons (The Same): Hebrew Heroes, by A. L. O. E. (The Same); The Prize Series Stories (Boston, D. Lothrop & Co.); Songs for the Sanctuary, Baptist Edition (A. & Barnes & Co.); The Production of the Precious Metals, by WILLIAM P. BLAKE (G. P. Putnam & Bon); The New Administration, by EDWARD WINSLOW MARTIN (George 8. Wilcox); The Works of Oliver Goldsmith (Wm. W. Swayne); The Life and Episites of St. Paul, by the Rev. W. J. CONTBEARE, M. A., and the Rev. J. S. Howson, M. A. (Charles Scribner & Co.); The Velocipede (Rurd & Houghton); Breaking a Butterfly (J. B. Lippincott & Co.); Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, by ELISH POLKO, translated from the German by Lady WALLACE (Leypoldt & Holt); Mark, the Match Boy, by Horatto Alger, jr. (Loring); Evening by Evening, by C. H. Spub-

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